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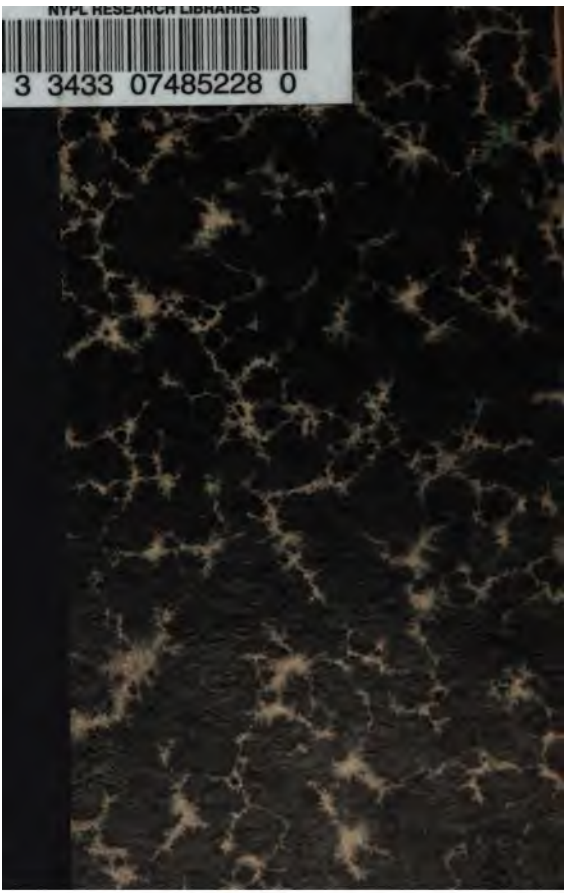

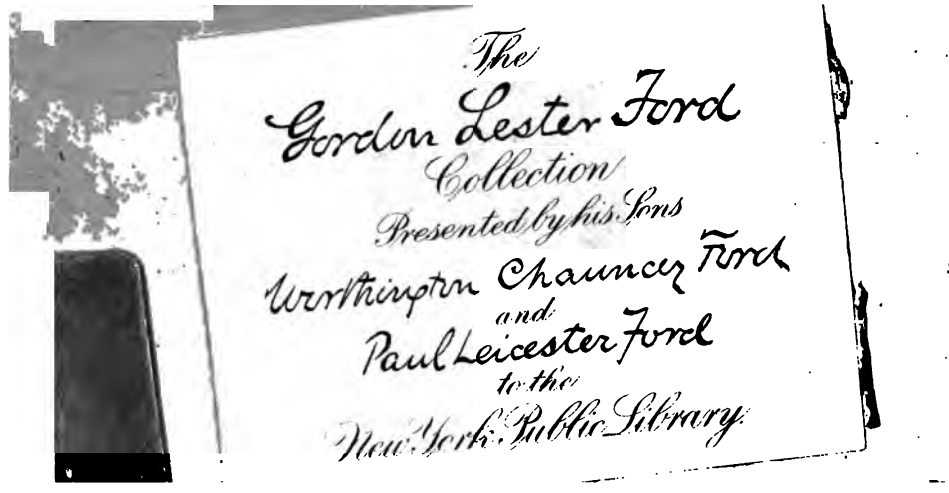
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AN

ESSAY ON MAN;

IN

FOUR EPISTLES

TO

H. ST. JOHN LORD BOLINGBROKE.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER, MESSIAH, AND ELEGY.

BY ALEXANDER POPE, ESQ.

FOR THE USE OF SCOOLS.

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1900.

ESSAY ON MAN.

EPISTLE I.

THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

THE ARGUMENT.

Man in the abstract.——That we can judge only ith regard to our own system, being ignorant of the lation of systems and things. That man is not to be emed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and nk in the creation, agreeable to the general order of ings, and conformable to ends and relations to him known. That it is partly upon his ignorance of fu- e events and partly upon the hope of a future ite, that all his happiness in the present depends.— e pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretend- g to more perfection, the cause of man's error and sery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of n, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensa- ns The absurdity of conceiting himself the final use of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural. The reasonableness of his complaints against Provi- nce, while on the one hand he demands the perfec- n of the Angels, on the other, the bodily qualifica- ns of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensi- e faculties in a higher degree would render him serable. That throughout the whole visible world, universal order and gradation in the sensual and ntal faculties is observed, which causes a subordin- n of creature to creature, and of all creatures to

solute submission due to Providence
present and future state.

AWAKE, my St. JOHN! leave all
To low ambition, and the pride of
Let us, (since life can little more s
Than just to look about us, and to
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of
A mighty maze! but not without a
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs pro
Or garden tempting with forbidden
Together let us beat this ample fiel
Try what the open, what the cover
The latent tracts, the giddy heights
Of all who blindly creep, or sightle

man, what see we but his station here,
n which to reason, or to which refer?
ough worlds unnumber'd, though the God be
known,
ours to trace him only in our own.
who through vast immensity can pierce,
worlds on worlds compose one universe,
rve how system into system runs,
t other planets circle other suns,
t vari'd being peoples every star,
tell why Heaven has made us as we are.
of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
strong connexions, nice dependencies,
ations just; has thy pervading soul
'd through? or can a part contain the whole?

e great chain, that draws all to agree,
drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee?

mptuous man! the reason would'st thou find,
form'd so weak, so little and so blind?
if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
f thy mother earth, why oaks are made
r and stronger than the weeds they shade?

Where all must fall, or not co
And all that rise, rise in due
Then, in the scale of reas'nin
There must be, somewhere, s
And all the question, (wrangl
Is only this, if God has plac'd

Respecting man, whatever wr
May, must be right, as relativ
In human works, though labor
A thousand movements scarce
In God's, one single can its en
Yet serves to second, too, som
So man, who here seems princ
Perhaps acts second to some s

This hour a slave, the next a deity.
Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ough
His knowledge measur'd to his state an
His time a moment, and a point his spa
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here, or the
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heaven from all creatures hides the book
All but the page prescrib'd, their present
From brutes what men, from men what
know,

ope humbly then; with trembling
ait the great teacher Death, and G
hat future bliss he gives not thee
ut gives that hope to be thy blessi
ope springs eternal in the human
an never *is*, but always *to be* bles
he soul, uneasy, and confin'd fron
sts and expatiates in a life to com

, the poor Indian! whose untutor'
es God in clouds, and hears him i
s soul proud science never taught
r as the solar walk, or milky way
t simple nature to his hope has gi

... and in thy scale of sense
eigh thy opinion against Providence;
ll imperfection what thou fanc:'st such,
y, here he gives too little, there too mu
stroy all creatures for thy sport or gu
: cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust;
ıan alone engross not heaven's high e
ne made perfect here, immortal there;
tch from his hand the balance and the
ıdge his justice, be the GOD of GOD!
ride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
quit their sphere, and rush into the ski
e still is aiming at the blest abodes,
would be angels, angels would be god

r me the mine a thousand treas
r me health gushes from a thous
as roll to waft me, suns to light
y footstool earth, my canopy the

it errs not nature from this grac
om burning suns when livid de
hen earthquakes swallow, or w
sweep
owns to one grave, whole nation
No, ('tis repli'd) the first almighty
cts not by partial, but by gen'ral
h' exceptions few; some change s
nd what created perfect?" Why
the great end be human happine

then a Borgia, or a Catiline?
nows but he, whose hand the lightning forms,
eaves old ocean, and who wings the storms;
fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
as young Ammon loose to scourge mankind?
pride, from pride, our very reas'ning springs;
int for moral, as for nat'ral things:
charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit?
th, to reason right, is to submit.

r for us, perhaps it might appear,
there all harmony, all virtue here;
never air or ocean felt the wind;
never passion discompos'd the mind.
ll subsists by elemental strife;
passions are the elements of life.
gen'ral order, since the whole began,
pt in nature, and is kept in man.

: would this man? Now upward will he soar;
little less than angel, would be more;
looking downwards, just as griev'd, appears
ant the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
for his use all creatures if he call,
what *their use*, had he the powers of all;
e *to these*, without profusion, kind,

The proper organs, proper powers assign'
Each seeming want compensated of cours
Here with degrees of swiftness, there, of f
All in exact proportion to the state;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its ow
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bless'd wi

The bliss of man (could pride that blessi
Is, not to act, or think *beyond* mankind;
No powers of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bea
Why has not man a microscopic eye?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics given
T' inspect a mite, not comprehend the h
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting through the bra
Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the s
How would he wish, that Heaven had le
still.

The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green miriads in the peopled grass!
What modes of sight, betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam:
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood.
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine,
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew.
How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,
Forever sep'rate, yet forever near!
Remembrance and reflection how alli'd;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide:
And *middle natures*, how they long to join,

ɪt thy reason all these p...

through this air, this ocean, an
natter quick, and bursting into l
ve, how high progressive life n
ınd, how wide! how deep exten
: chain of being! which from G
ıre's ethereal, human, angel, m
st, bird, fish, insect! what no ey
glass can reach; from infinite t
n thee to nothing!—On superic
e we to press, inferior might or
n the full creation leave a void,
ere, one step broken, the great
destroy'd:
... nature's chain whatever link

system only, but the whole must fall.
:arth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
ts and suns run lawless through the sky:
ıling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
; on being wreck'd, and world on world;
en's whole foundations to their centre nod,
nature tremble, to the throne of God!
ıs dread order break?—For whom? for thee;
worm!—O madness! pride! impiety!

if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
nd, to toil, aspire to be the head?
if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
:rve mere engines to the ruling mind?
ıs absurd for any part to claim
e another, in this gen'ral frame:
ıs absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains,
great directing MIND of ALL ordains.

re but parts of one stupendous whole,
e body nature is, and God the soul;
chang'd through all, and yet in all the same,
In the earth as in the ethereal frame;
ıs in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

Lives through all life, extends through all ex
Spreads undivided, operates unspent,
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal par
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all.

Cease, then, nor *Order* imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due deg
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on th
Submit, in this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing power,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art, unknown to thee;
All chance, direction, which thou canst not s
All discord, harmony, not understood;
All partial evil, universal good.
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear: "Whatever *is*, is RIGHT."

EPISTLE II.

: NATURE AND STATE OF MAN WITH ECT TO HIMSELF, AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

THE ARGUMENT.

iness of man is not to pry into God, but to himself. His middle nature; his powers and , and the limits of his capacity. The two prin- of man, self-love and reason, both necessary: e the stronger, and why: their end the same. ssions, and their use. The predominant pas- nd its force; its necessity in directing men to t purposes; its providential use, in fixing our le, and ascertaining our virtue. Virtue and ined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet ngs separate, and evident. What is the office ion. How odious vice in itself, and how we e ourselves into it. That, however, the ends vidence and general good are answered in our s and imperfections How usefully these are ited to all orders of men. How useful they are ety, and to the individuals, in every state, and y age of life.

then thyself, presume not God to scan,
per study of mankind is Man.

n this isthmus of a middle state,
; darkly wise, and rudely great:
o much knowledge for the sceptic side,
o *much weakness* for the Stoic's pride,

s of thought, and passion, all conf
by himself abus'd, or disabus'd;
ted half to rise, and half to fall;
t lord of all things, yet a prey to
judge of truth, in endless error hur
glory, jest, and riddle of the world

vond'rous creature! mount where
guides,
ıeasure earth, weigh air, and state
uct the planets in what orbs to run
ect old time, and regulate the sun;
oar with Plato to th' empyreal spl
he first good, first perfect and first
ead the mazy round his follʻwers t

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a NEWTON as we shew an ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe, or fix, one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end?
Alas what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art;
But when his *own* great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science, then, with modesty thy guide:
First strip off all her equippage of pride;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain;
Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
Of all our vices have created arts;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the times to
come.

ribe all good; to their improper,

-love, the spring of motion, acts
son's comparing balance rules th
ı, but for that, no action could at
l, but for this, were active to no
'd, like a plant, on his peculiar sp
lraw nutrition, propagate and ro
meteor-like, flame lawless throug
roying others, by himself destro

t strength the moving principle i
ve its task, it prompts, impels, li
ıte and quiet, the comparing lies.
n'd but to check, delib'rate and a

--ention, habit, and experience gai
Each strengthens reason, and self-lo

Let subtle schoolmen teach these frie
More studious to divide than to unite
And grace and virtue, sense and reas
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a na
Have full as oft no meaning, or the sa
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desi
But greedy that its object would devo
This taste the honey, and not wound t
Pleasure, or wrong, or rightly mistook

cted all, retiring to the breast;
ength of mind is exercise, not r
ing tempest puts in act the soul,
t may ravage, but preserves the
's vast ocean diversely we sail,
the card, but passion is the gal
od alone in the still calm we fin
unts the storm, and walks upon

ns, like elements, though born to
ix'd and soft'ned, in his work ur
'tis enough to temper and empl
hat composes man, can man des
e that reason keep to nature's ro
t compound them, follow her a

And when in act they cease, in
Present to grasp, and future still
The whole employ of body and o
All spread their charms, but char
On different senses, different objec
Hence different passions more or le
As strong or weak, the organs of th
And hence one master passion in th
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up

As man, perhaps, the moment of his
Receives the lurking principle of de
The young disease that must subdue
Grows with his growth, and strengthe
strength:

Imagination plies her dangerous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties but make it worse:
Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sou
We, wretched subjects, though to lawful away,
In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey.
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend,
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to pursuade
The choice we make, or justify it made.
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humors gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be prefer'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis her's to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe:
A mightier power the strong direction sends,

nd sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends.
ike varying winds, by other passions tost,
his drives them constant to a certain coast.
t power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
, (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
hrough life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
he merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
he monk's humility, the hero's pride,
ll, all alike, find reason on their side.

he eternal art, educing good from ill,
afts on this passion our best principle;
is thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
rong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd,
he dross cements what else were too refin'd,
nd in one int'rest body acts with mind.

s fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
n savage stocks inserted learn to bear;
he surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
ild nature's vigor working at the root.
hat crops of wit and honesty appear
om spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
e anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
m av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy.

Lust, through some certain s'rainers well ref
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind:
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave:
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on sha

Thus nature gives us, (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice alli'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhor'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine.
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? the God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use:
Though each by turns the other's bounds inva
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and sha
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice.

! who from hence into the notion fall,
vice or virtue there is none at all.
ite and black blend, soften and unite
usand ways, is there no black or white?
your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
to mistake them, costs the time and pain.

is a monster of so frightful mein,
o be hated, needs but to be seen;
een too oft, familiar with its face,
irst endure, then pity, then embrace.
where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
where's the north? at York 'tis on the Tweed,
cotland, at the Orcades; and there
reenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
reature owns it in the first degree,
hinks his neighbor farther gone than he.
those who dwell beneath its very zone,
ver feel the rage, or never own.
happier natures shrink at with affright,
hard inhabitant contends is right.

ous and vicious every man must be,
in the extreme, but all in the degree;
rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,

whole:
at counter works each folly and ca
at disappoints th' effect of every v
at happy frailties to all ranks appl
ıme to the virgin, to the matron pı
ır to the statesman, rashness to the
kings presumption, and to crowds
at, virtue's ends from vanity can ı
ıich seeks to interest, no reward b
d build on wants, and on defects o
e joy, the peace, the glory of manl

aven forming each on other to dej
naster, or a servant, or a friend,
ls each on other for assistance call

Whate'er the passion, knowledge,
Not one will change his neighbor w
The learn'd is happy, nature to ex
The fool is happy that he knows n
The rich is happy in the plenty gi
The poor contents him with the ca
See the blind beggar dance, the cri
The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
The starving chemist in his golden
Supremely blest, the poet in his mu

See some strange comfort every sta
And pride, bestow'd on all, a comm

Meanwhile opinion gilds with var
Those painted clouds that beautify
Each want of happiness by hope s
And each vacuity of sense by prid
These build as fast as knowledge
In folly's cup still laughs the bubb
One prospect lost, another still we
And not a vanity is giv'n in vain.
E'en mean self-love becomes, by
The scale to measure other's want
See! and confess, one comfort still
Tis this, though *man's a fool*, yet

THE ARGUMENT.

whole universe one system of society.
de wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for t
e happiness of animals mutual. Reason
rate alike to the good of each individual
instinct operate also to society, in all
w far society is carried by instinct; how
r by reason. Of that which is called th
ure. Reason instructed by instinct, in t
of arts, and in the forms of society.
itical societies. Origin of monarchy. P
ernment. Origin of true religion and gov
n the same principle of love. Origin of
and tyranny, from the same principl
influence of self-love operating to the
lic good. Restoration of true religion
ment on their first principle. Mixt gov
ious forms of each, and the true end of

matter next, with various life en
ss to one centre still, the gen'ral
dying vegetables life sustain,
life dissolving, vegetate again:
forms that perish, other forms sup
turns we catch the vital breath,
e bubbles on the sea of matter bor
y rise, they break, and to that se
hing is foreign; parts relate to wh
all extending, all preserving sou
nects each being, greatest with th
le beast in aid of man, and man o
serv'd, all serving. Nothing sta
chain holds on, and where it ends

it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
›y tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
› it for thee the linnet pours his throat?
›oves of his own, and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
s thine alone the seed that strews the plain?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
lives on the labors of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, "see all things for my use!"
See man for mine," replies a pamper'd goose:
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control;
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole:
Nature that tyrant checks; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,

ome his interest prompts him to pı
nore his pleasure, yet for more his
ed on one vain patron, and enjoy
extensive blessing of his luxury;
very life his learned hunger crave
ves from famine, from the savage s
feasts the animal he dooms his fe
till he ends the being, makes it b
h sees no more the stroke, nor feels
a favor'd man by touch ethereal s
creature had its feast of life befor
a, too, must perish, when thy feast

. . .

ach unthinking being Heaven a f
s not the useless knowledge of its

proportion'd to th
, where full instinct is the unerring
at Pope or council can they need b
ion, however able, cool at best,
s not for service, or but serves wh
s till we call, and then not often n
honest instinct comes a volunteer,
never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
le still too short or wide is human w
by quick nature happiness to gain,
h heavier reason labors at in vain.
too serves always, reason never lo
nust go right, the other may go wr
hen the acting and comparing powe

before?
ho calls the council, states the cer
ho forms the phalanx, and who poin

ıd, in the nature of each being, four
proper bliss, and sets its proper bou
t as he form'd a whole, the whole
mutual wants built mutual happin
from the first, eternal order ran,
ıd creature link'd to creature, man
hate'er of life all-quick'ning ether l
breathes through air, or shoots bem
deeps,
pours profuse on earth, one nature
e vital flame, and swells the genial

love themselves, a third time, in their race.
)east and bird their common charge attend,
iothers nurse it, and the sires defend;
oung dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
stops the instinct, and there ends the care;
ink dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
er love succeeds, another race.
ger care man's helpless kind demands;
longer care contracts more lasting bands:
:tion, reason, still the ties improve,
ce extend the int'rest and the love:
choice we fix, with sympathy we burn;
virtue in each passion takes its turn;
till new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
graft benevolence on charities.
as one brood, and as another rose,
: nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those:
last, scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
ielpless him from whom their life began:
ry and forecast just returns engage,
pointed back to youth, this on to age;
e pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think in NATURE'S STATE they blindl
The state of Nature was the reign of God
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not; nor arts that pride to
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the
The same his table, and the same his bed
No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fe
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gol
undress'd,
Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless p
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare.
Ah! how unlike the man of times to com
Of half that live the butcher and the tom
Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral gros
Murders their species, and betrays his ow
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury-passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, mar

m from Nature rising slow to art!
py instinct then was reason's part;
then to man the voice of Nature spake—
rom the creatures thy instruction take:
from the birds what food the thickets yield;
from the beasts the physic of the field;
irts of building from the bee receive;
of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
of the little Nautilus to sail,
d the thin oar and catch the driving gale.
too all forms of social union find,
ience let reason, late, instruct mankind:
subterranean works and cities see;
towns aerial on the waving tree.
each small people's genius, policies,
nt's republic, and the realm of bees;
hose in common all their wealth bestow,
narchy, without confusion, know;
hese forever, though a monarch reign,
sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
what unvari'd laws preserve each state,
wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
n thy reason finer webs shall draw,
gle justice in her net of law,
ight, too *rigid*, harden into wrong;

r the strong too weak, the weak too stro
ol and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
s let the wiser make the rest obey;
l for those arts mere instinct could afford,
crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

reat Nature spoke; observant man obey'd;
ities were built, societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fe
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend
And there the streams in purer rills descend
What war could ravish, commerce could b
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strengl
When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of
unknown,
'Til common int'rest plac'd the sway
'Twas VIRTUE ONLY, (or in arts or ar
Diffusing blessings, or averting harm
The same which in a sire the sons
A prince the father of a people ma

'Til then, by nature crown'd, ea
sate,

...uld ring furrow
Taught to command the fire, c
Draw forth the monsters of th'
Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the
'Til, drooping, sick'ning, dyin
Whom they rever'd as God, to
Then, looking up from sire to si
One great first father, and that fi
Or plain tradition that this all be
Convey'd unbroken faith from sir
The worker from the work distin
And simple reason never sought b
Ere wit oblique had broke that stea
Man, like his Maker, saw that all

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and rea
undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for o
That proud exception to all nature's la
T' invert the world, and counter-work f
Force first made conquest, and that conqu
'Til superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it ai
And Gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjec
She, 'mid the lightning's blaze, and thu
sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when
the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud
To power unseen, and mightier far than
She from the rending earth and bursting
Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal r
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest
Fear made her devils, and weak hope h
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, un
Whose attributes were rage, revenge or
Such as the souls of cowards might con
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would
Zeal then, not charity, became the guid
And hell was built on spite, and heaven

n sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
rs grew marble then, and reek'd with gore;
n first the Flamen tasted living food;
t his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
a heaven's own thunders shook the world
below,
play'd the god an engine on his foe.

lrives self-love through just and through
unjust,
one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust:
same self-love in all becomes the cause
what restrains him, government and laws.
what one likes, if others like as well,
it serves one will, when many wills rebel?
r shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
eaker may surprise, a stronger take?
safety must his liberty restrain:
join to guard what each desires to gain.
e'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
a kings learn justice and benevolence:
-love forsoook the path it first pursu'd,
l found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head, or gen'ro
Foll'wer of God, or friend of human kir
Poet or patriot rose but to restore
The faith and moral, nature gave before
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew
Taught power's due use to people and t
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tende
The less or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other
'Til jarring int'rests of themselves creat
Th' according music of a well-mix'd stat
Such is the world's great harmony, that
From order, union, full consent of things
Where small and great, where weak and
made
To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not inv
More powerful each as needful to the re
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre br
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or ki

For forms of government let fools contes
Whate'er is best administer'd, is best:
For modes of faith let graceless zealots f

Man, like the generous vine, supp
The strength he gains is from th' e
gives.
On their own axis as the planets r
Yet make at once their circle roun
So two consistent motions act the
And one regards itself, and one the

Thus God and nature link'd the ge
And bade self-love and social be th

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WI' RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

THE ARGUMENT.

False notions of happiness, philosophical and pop answered It is the end of all men, and attainable all. God intends happiness to be equal; and to b it must be social, since all particular happiness pends on general, and since he governs by gene not particular laws As it is necessary for or and the peace and welfare of society, that exte goods should be unequal, happiness is not mad consist in these But notwithstanding that inequa the balance of happiness among mankind is kept e by providence, by the two passions of hope and f What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is con ent with the constitution of this world; and that good man has here the advantage The error of puting to virtue what are only the calamities of na or of fortune. The folly of expecting that God sh alter his general laws in favor of particulars. Tha are not judges who are good; but that whoever are, they must be happiest That external goods not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent wit destructive of virtue. That even these can mak man happy without virtue Instanced in riches. ors. nobility, greatness, fame, superior talents, with pictures of human infelicity in men possess them all. That virtue only constitutes a happi whose object is universal and whose prospect ete That the perfection of virtue and happiness consis a conformity to the order of Providence here, a a resignation to it here and hereafter.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and air
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy
name:

- -- ---- -, seen double, by the fo
Plant of celestial seed! if drop'd b
Say, in what mortal soil thou deig
Fair op'ning to some court's propi
Or deep with di'monds in the flam
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassia
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the fi
Where grows? where grows it not?
toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not
Fix'd to no spot is happiness since
'Tis no where to be found, or every
'Tis never to be bought, but alway
And fled from monarchs, St. John!

an this, that happiness is happines

ke nature's path, and mad opinion
l states can reach it, and all heads
vious her goods, in no extreme th
ere needs but thinking right, and
well;
d mourn our various portions as w
ual is common sense, and common

member, man, "the universal Cau
ts not by partial, but by gen'ral la
d makes what happiness we justly
bsist, not in the good of one, but
here's not a blessing individuals fin

ract what others feel, what others think,
leasures sicken, and all glories sink:
1 has his share, and who would more obtain,
l find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

ER is Heaven's first law; and this confest,
e are, and must be, greater than the rest,
e rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
t such are happier, shocks all common sense.
ven to mankind impartial we confess,
l are equal in their happiness:
mutual wants this happiness increase;
nature's diff'rence keeps all nature's peace.
dition, circumstance, is not the thing;
s is the same in subject or in king,
who obtain defence, or who defend,
im who is, or him who finds a friend:
ven breathes through every member of the whole
common blessing, as one common soul.
fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
l each were equal, must not all contest?
ien to all men happiness was meant,
in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
But heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

Oh sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains pil'd on mountains to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surve
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of se
Lie in three words, health, peace and comp
But health consists with temperance alo
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gai
But these less taste them as they worse
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong m
right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or cu
Which meets contempt, or which co
first?

ount all th' advantage prosperous vice attains,
's but what virtue flies from and disdains:
d grant the bad what happiness they would,
e they must want, which is, to pass for good.

blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
ho fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
ho sees and follows that great scheme the best,
t knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
fools, the good alone unhappy call,
ills or accidents that chance to all.
e Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
e god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust!
ee Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
as this their virtue or contempt of life?
y, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
mented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
ell me if virtue made the son expire,
hy, full of days and honor, lives the sire?
hy drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
hen nature sicken'd, and each gale was death!
why so long (in life if long can be)
nt Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

Of change admits, or [illegible]
Short and but rare, 'til man impro
We just as wisely might of Heave
That righteous Abel was destroy'
As that the virtuous son is ill at e
When his lewd father gave the di
Think we, like some weak princ
Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage re
Forget to thunder, and recal her
On earth or sea new motions be i
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve
When the loose mountain trembl
[illegible]

kingdom of the just then let it be:
t first consider how those just agree.
he good must merit God's peculiar care;
t who, but God, can tell us who they are?
e thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit fell;
nother deems him instrument of hell;
Calvin feel heaven's blessing, or its rod,
his cries there is, and that there is no God.
hat shocks one part will edify the rest,
r with one system can they all be blest.
he very best will variously incline,
d what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
hatever is, IS RIGHT.—This world, 'tis true,
as made for Cæsar, but for Titus too;
d which more blest? who chain'd his country,
say,
d he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day?

t sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
hat then? Is the reward of virtue, bread?
at, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
e knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
e knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
here folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.

The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er!
"No—shall the good want health, the good
power?"
Add health and power, and every earthly
"Why bounded power? why private? why
king?"
Nay why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heave
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce cont
God gives enough while he has more to gi
Immense the power, immense were the de
Say at what part of nature will they stand

What nothing earthly gives, or can destro
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-f
Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward u
With the same trash mad mortals wish fo
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sighst thou now for apples and for ca

, like the Indian, in another life
pect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
wards, that either would to virtue bring
joy, or be destructive of the thing:
w oft by these at sixty are undone
e virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
whom can riches give repute or trust,
ntent, or pleasure, but the good and just?
ges and senates have been bought for gold,
eem and love were never to be sold.
fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
e lover and the love of human kind,
ose life is healthful, and whose conscience
clear,
ause he wants a thousand pounds a year.

ior and shame from no condition rise;
well your part, there all the honor lies.
tune in men has some small diff'rence made,
flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
cobler apron'd and the parson gown'd,
friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.

Worth makes the man and want of
The rest is all but leather or prune

Stuck o'er with titles and hung roun
That thou mayst be by kings or wh
Boast the pure blood of an illustrio
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Luc
But by your father's worth if yours
Count me those only who are good
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble bl
Has crept through scoundrels ever si
Go! and pretend your family is you
Nor own your fathers have been fo
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, o
Alas! not all the blood of all the Ti

he whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
: make, an enemy of all mankind!
ot one looks backward, onward still he goes,
et ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
o less alike the politic and wise;
ll sly, slow things, with circumspective eyes:
en in their loose, unguarded hours they take,
ot that themselves are wise, but others weak.
ut grant that those can conquer, these can
cheat;
'is phrase absurd to call a villain great:
'ho wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
but the more a fool, the more a knave.
'ho noble ends by noble means obtains,
r failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
ike good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
ike Socrates; that man is great indeed.

'hat's fame? a fanci'd life in others breath,
thing beyond us, e'en before our death.
ist what you hear, you have, and what's
unknown
he same, (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
ll that we feel of it begins and ends
i the small circle of our foes or friends;

An honest man's the noblest work c
Fame but from death a villain's nar
As justice tears his body from the g
When what t' oblivion better were r
Is hung on high to poison half mank
All fame is foreign, but of true dese
Plays round the head, but comes not
One self-approving hour whole year
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzza
And more true joy Marcellus exil'd
Than Cæsar with a senate at his h

In parts superior what advantage li
Tell (for you can) what is it to be
'Tis but to know how little can be

nen these blessings to a strict acco
air deductions; see to what they 'n
uch of other each is sure to cost;
ch for other oft is wholly lost;
consistent greater goods with these
metimes life is risqu'd, and always
and if still the things thy envy cal
uldst thou be the man to whom th
'all?

for ribands if thou art so silly,
ow they grace lord Umbra or sir B
w dirt the passion of thy life;
t on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife.
allure thee, think how Bacon shin'

See the false scale of happiness compl
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens w
How happy those to ruin, these betray
Mark by what wretched steps their glo
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Veni
In each how guilt and greatness equal
And all that rais'd the Hero, sunk the
Now Europe's laurels on their brows b
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'
Then see them broke with toils, or sun
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fa
E'er taught to shine, or sanctifi'd from
What greater bliss attends their close
Some greedy minion, or imperious wif
The trophi'd arches, stori'd halls invad
And haunt their slumbers in the pomp
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide
Compute the morn and evening to the
The whole amount of that enormous
A tale, that blends their glory with the

Know then this truth, (enough for man
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss sta

And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequal, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far, than virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God:
Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,

Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and d
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all b
All end in love of God and love of man.
For him alone hope leads from goal to go
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
'Til lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unk
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek the
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be ble
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life and

God loves from whole to parts: but
Must rise from individual to the wh
Self-love but serves the virtuous mi
As the small pebble stirs the peaceft
The centre mov'd, a circle strait su
Another still and still another spreac
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will
His country next, and next all humai
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bo
And Heaven beholds its image in his

Some Th-

Pursue the triumph, and partake the
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in d
Whose sons shall blush their father
foes,
Shall then this verse to future age p
Thou wert my guide, philosopher a
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tu
From sounds to things, from fancy
For wit's false mirror held up natur
Shew'd erring pride, WHATEVER IS,
That Reason, Passion, answer one
That true Self-love and Social are
That VIRTUE only makes our bliss
And all our knowledge is, OURSELV

THE

UNIVERSAL PRAYER.*

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of All! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood:
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.

* It may be proper to observe, that some passages in he preceding Essay, having been unjustly suspected of tendency towards fate and naturalism, the author composed this prayer as the sum of all, to show that his system was founded in free-will and terminated in piety; hat the first Cause was as well the Lord and Governor f the universe, as the Creator of it; and that, by submission to his will (the great principle enforced throughut this essay) was not meant the suffering ourselves to be arried along by a blind determination, but the resting n a religious acquiescence, and confidence full of hope nd immortality. To give all this the greater weight, the oet chose for his model the Lord's prayer, which of all thers best deserves the title prefixed to his paraphrase.

For God is paid when man recei
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted spa
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of ma
When thousand worlds are rou

Let not this weak, unknowing h
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the l
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay:
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has deni'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knowst if best bestow'd or not,
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

MESSIAH.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids
Delight no more.—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the sk
Th' ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall ai
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade
All crime shall cease, and ancient fraud shall
Returning justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white rob'd Innocence from heaven desc
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected mo

Hark! a glad voice the lonely dese
Prepare the way! a God, a God ap
A God! a God! the vocal hills repl
The rocks proclaim th' approachir
Lo, earth receives him from the be
Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye
With heads declin'd, ye cedars ho
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid flood
The Saviour comes! by ancient bar
Hear him, ye deaf, and all ye blinc
He from thick films shall purge the
And on the sightless eye-ball pour
He the obstructed paths of sound sl
And bid new music charm th' unfo
The dumb shall sing, the lame his
And leap exulting like the boundi
No sigh, no murmur the wide worl
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry
In adamantine chains shall Death l
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eter
As the good shepherd tends his fle
Seeks freshest pasture, and the pu

The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad faichion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful Son
Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,
Waste sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ry palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
In crouding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,

Nor evening Cynthia fill her
But lost, dissolv'd in thy supe
One tide of glory, one uncloud
O'erflow thy courts: the Ligh
Reveal'd, and God's eternal d
The seas shall waste, the ski
Rocks fall to dust, and mounts
But fix'd his word, his saving
Thy realm forever lasts, thy
reigns.

ELEGY

TO THE MEMORY OF AN UNF

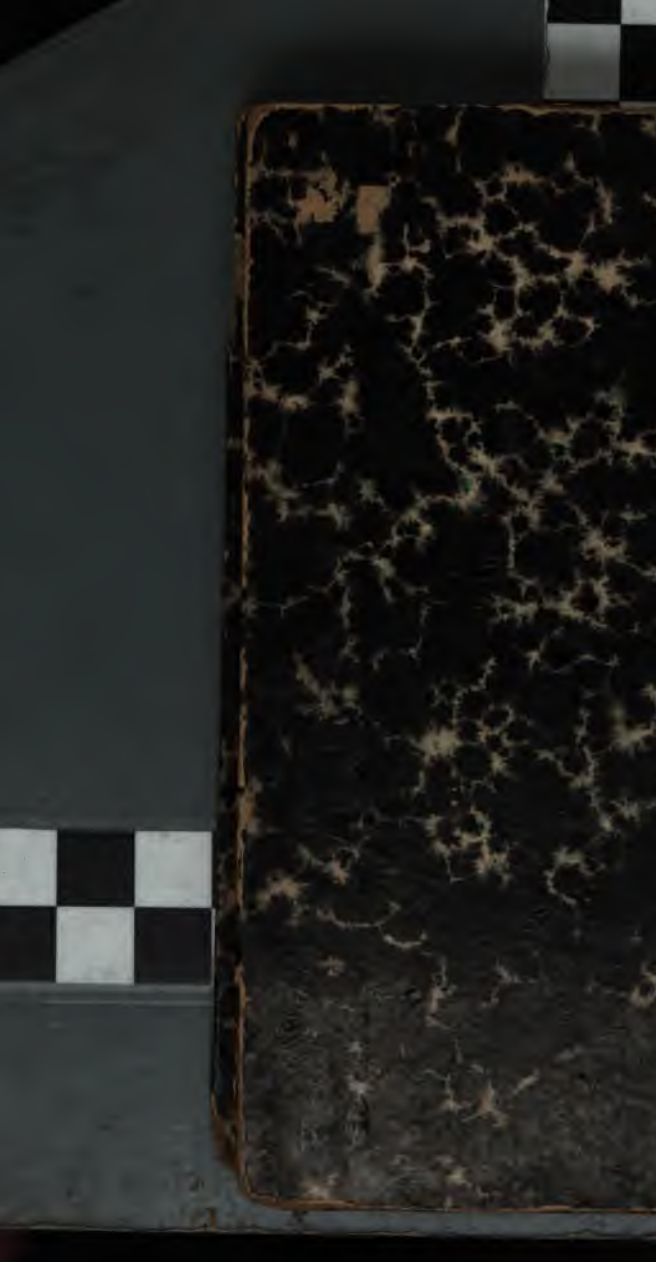
WHAT beck'ning ghost, along
shade
Invites my steps, and points to
'Tis she!—but why that bleedi
Why dimly gleams the visiona
Oh, even hapless

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates;
The passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they whose souls the furies steel'd
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone, (oh ever injur'd shade!)

...ough hands thy humble
By strangers honor'd, and by
What though no friends in sab
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, t
And bear about the mockery o
To midnight dances, and the p
What though no weeping loves
Nor polish'd marble emulate t
What though no sacred earth
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'
Yet shall thy grave with rising
And the green turf lie lightly o
There shall the morn her earli
There the first roses of the yea
While angels with their silver
The ground now sacred by thy

So peaceful rests without a stor
What once had beauty, titles, w
How lov'd, how honor'd once, a
To whom related, or by whom
A heap of dust alone remains of
'Tis all thou art, and all the pro

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